

**Be a Wise Man!**

Secure entrance into the home circle; make yourself known to it. If you have anything to sell create a demand for your wares by advertising in

**The Times**

SIXTEENTH YEAR

**PLEASANTON TIMES.**

Vol. 16.

Pleasanton, Cal., Thursday, February 17, 1898.

No. 40.

**The Wise Women**

Know what transpires in the social, art, music and business circles of Pleasanton because they keep posted by reading

**The Times**

ESTABLISHED 1882

**THE STERN HAND  
OF THE LAW****Temporarily Checks the "Solid Three."****And Causes Consternation in the Ranks of the Combination.**

The firm hand of the law has reached forth and brought the "Solid Three" of the Board of Trustees to a sudden halt. It has prevented them carrying out the printing contract program as arranged by the combine, and there is consternation in their ranks.

Last Saturday afternoon Attorney D. M. Connor, representing the TIMES, filed a suit in the Superior Court to restrain the Trustees from carrying out their intention to give the town printing to the highest bidder. Judge Hall issued the necessary order, and Deputy Sheriff Al White served it on the board Saturday night. The majority of the trustees and the combination will make the fight of their lives to defeat the suit. It is a life or death case with them and they are rather desperate. The propose to dip into the town treasury and use the people's money to defend themselves. Despite the vigorous protest of Trustees Napier and Tray they have hired a firm of Oakland attorneys to carry on their case, while the town attorney twists his thumbs and whistles, but gets there just the same when pay day comes around.

It is a pity the trustees have not acted with the same promptness and vigor in other town matters—notably water and lights—as they have in connection with this suit. Had they done so a water supply, a light plant and even a sewer system might be realities now instead of dreams and subjects for windy discussions. A sufficient number

of meetings have been held during the past few days to wind up all the town's business that may come up for the next six months, but all important matters remain untouched excepting that one in which the combination is interested.

Accounts of the many meetings will be found below:

**SATURDAY'S SESSION.**

All the members of the board were there but the "push" did not turn out solidly. Dr. Cope and financier Benedict stayed home. The clerk called the roll and there was a painful pause. The gang knew there was something up but they did not know exactly where lightening might strike.

Chairman Napier broke the spell. He said the sheriff had served some kind of a paper on him during the evening, but that he was not sufficiently versed in legal verbiage to tell what it all meant. It was turned over to the Town Attorney who read it backward and forward with his spectacles right side up and wrong side to.

"It is an injunction," he said with a sigh, and the "push" sighed with him. "I advise," he continued, "to take no further action in the printing matter until this is settled. The plaintiff must file a bond by Monday or the injunction will not stand."

Ah! Here was a gleam of hope for the combine. A bond! Why, the TIMES can't get bondsmen, they whispered to each other as they

smiled a sickly smile. An adjournment was taken to Tuesday, pending the outcome of the forlorn hope.

The gang did not celebrate that night as they did after the "Solid Three" declared that gold coin was not in it alongside of a certified check.

**TUESDAY'S TROUBLE.**

The bond was filed all right. There were lots of names on it, too, of the good, solid, substantial kind.

Trustee Martin and the "wise man of the east" reached the meeting room early, and for the want of something better to do, discussed the weather. Martin thought there would be a change soon and that there was every indication of a storm. Timely warning, indeed, to the combine. It had better get in out of the wet.

When the board was called to order Palmer read a telegram from the County Clerk stating that Magill's bond had been filed with him and duly approved by the court. The names of the sureties were also given, and this proved to be the biggest fly in the combine's cup of bitterness.

Mr. Hortenstine thought the board should have some official notification of the bond but the Town Attorney said the telegram was official enough and there was no getting around it.

Martin then introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved by the Board of Town Trustees of the Town of Pleasanton, that

"Whereas one R. H. Magill, Jr., has seen fit to commence an action against the said Town of Pleasanton, involving the said town in useless and expensive litigation,

"Resolved, that the attorney for the town be instructed to proceed to dissolve the injunction in the case of R. H. Magill, Jr., vs. the Town of Pleasanton, and that J. B. Hortenstine be appointed a committee of one to procure as special counsel for that purpose the firm of Reed & Nusbaumer, at such fee as he and they may decide upon; and that they hereby authorize and order the Town Clerk to draw a warrant payable to said J. R. Palmer for the sum of \$20 to defray the necessary expenses incurred in said action, he to account for the same to this Board."

A lively wrangle ensued.

"Do I understand from this," said Mr. Tray, "that you fellows want to get another attorney and want the town to pay for it? This is pretty business! You'll never spend any of the town's money that way with my consent. If it was your own money you were handling you would not be quite so free with it."

The chairman expressed the opinion that the Town Attorney could easily handle the case. "If we have the law on our side we can win, and if we haven't we will lose even if we hire all the attorneys in the county. I believe in square business. All that is necessary is to find out if we are right or wrong. I don't think it is right to spend the town's money for any such purpose."

Martin believed in going into the case to fight and win by any means. He did not care a cent where the fighting fund came from.

Nevis said the trustees were forced to defend themselves. He stated that they had been gotten into trouble but before he could say more Tray broke in on him.

"Didn't you get yourself into it? If you had done right there would have been no trouble," said Tray.

Nevis retorted by asserting that he was not addressing Tray. Hot words followed. They were not of a complimentary character, but there was no bloodshed. Nevis

said he was satisfied Palmer was competent to handle the case, but he favored hiring extra counsel for the reason that the Town Attorney might be sick just when he was wanted. "Sick" is a good word.

Palmer himself had no objection to assistance; in fact, he said, "a friend in court" would be a pretty handy thing. A ballot was then taken on Martin's resolution and it was adopted by the following vote:

Ayes—

HORTENSTINE,  
MARTIN,  
NEVIS.

Nays—

NAPIER,  
TRAY.

Adjourned to Wednesday.

**WEDNESDAY'S WHOOP-UP.**

The triumvirate had everything to itself Wednesday night. The fairplay members of the board stayed home to nurse their disgust.

Trustee Hortenstine, fresh from Oakland, reported that he had engaged Attorney Nusbaumer to demonstrate to the Superior Court that in Pleasanton paper is better than gold. He said that the able counsel would ask the court Thursday morning to set aside the restraining order. An adjournment was taken to Thursday evening to hear the result.

**Farewell, Lillian, Farewell!**

Lillian B. Peters "has went." Pleasanton's "confish aristocracy" was too much for her tender feelings. She departed Monday, satchel full of old shoes and all, but she did not leave her new address, and we have yet to hear of any one here suffering to learn it. The full departure of the curio has caused more than one young man of the town to breathe easier. She had threatened to scratch out more eyes and pull out more hair than would pave the road from here to Halifax.

**It Fell Through.**

The proposition to organize a ladies' annex to the Bohemian Club has about fallen through. A meeting was called for last Monday to perfect the plans, but of the numerous ladies who had been invited to join only three, Mrs. Detjens, Miss Cora Cutler and Miss Frankie White, responded. Mrs. Detjens who had tried to get the ladies together was disgusted at the lack of interest and washed her hands of the whole business.

**Farmers are Hopeful.**

We had occasion last Saturday to talk with a number of farmers along the road between Pleasanton and Haywards. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the crops will be short but that the prices will more than make up for the deficiency in yield. The farmers were confident that the season would be a fairly prosperous one despite the lack of rain.

**Not So Bad.**

The TIMES added twelve new subscribers to its list since last Saturday. That kind of an increase is gratifying. It shows that the people appreciate a good thing when they see it, and will not tolerate mudslingers or falseifiers. The way to encourage an editor in his fight for right is to subscribe. There is room on our books for a few more.

Frank Sherwood was down town today, the first time since he had his tussle with cholera morbus. He says he drove thirty miles after he was taken, and never came so near dying in his life. After this when he goes out in the country he will take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with him.—Missouri Valley, (Iowa) Times. For sale by Cutler & Silver.

**A Watery Brain.**

Trustee Martin is showing more indications of having water on the brain. He is as full of watery ideas as an ancient egg is full of stench. He is convinced that there is all kinds of water beneath the surface of the town's \$600-flat-iron. And he wants to bore for it. You bet! Such a brilliant idea could not be allowed to slumber, not even if the town goes dry all summer.

Fortunately for the town treasury the rest of the trustees do not take kindly to the Martin notions. Most of them are leaning toward the offer of Mr. Bilz. The importance of doing something and talking less is the only thing that does not seem to dawn upon them.

**Zingg and not White.**

We were misinformed as to the names of the board of directors of the Bohemian Club as published in last week's TIMES. Ol Zingg was elected and C. S. White was not. Zingg received the largest vote while White was honored with the smallest.

Don't annoy others by your coughing, and risk your life by neglecting a cold. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. Cutler & Silver.

**A Royal Time Assured.**

Everything is ready for the Washington's Birthday ball at the Nevis pavilion. Mr. Nevis has spared neither labor or expense in making the arrangements complete in every detail. There is every assurance that there will be a big crowd in attendance, and it goes without saying there will be a royal time.

**Bucklin's Arnica Salve.**  
The best remedy for all kinds of Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Cutler & Silver, druggists.

**LIGHT PLANT.**

There is chance for Pleasanton to own its light plant without making a very great outlay of money. F. N. Delaney, Pacific Coast manager, and Charles Powell, district agent, of the Acetylene Gas Company have spent considerable time here recently making a survey of the town and preparing an estimate of the probable cost of putting in a plant.

Mr. Delaney, who is an expert on municipal lighting, unfolded his plans at a recent meeting of the town dads. He offered to lay a main from the bridge along Main street to Neal, along Neal street to the station and thence to the town hall; to put up 16 street lights, each of 50 candle power, with the necessary turned posts and globes, and furnish a gas machine with a capacity of 50 25-candle power lights for \$1050.

Basing his calculations on what is known as the moonlight schedule, he said the plant would probably be operated about 1200 hours in a year and that this could be done at an expense not exceeding \$200 per annum. Delaney was also willing to put in a plant at his own expense, if he was granted a franchise, and would furnish the town with street lights for \$40 a month. Both propositions will be carefully considered.

The lights have been shown in town and created a very favorable impression. They are now in use at Ellis Bros.' store.

Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the great File remedy. Cutler & Silver.

Enthusiastic donors are what every body likes, and we make your dollars stretch doubly far by offering special bargains. Bauer Bros.

What you like you will find in Bauer Bros.' advertisement.

**CANNED CORN**

Try our brand of

**BLUE BELL CANNED SUGAR CORN**

at 8 cents a can. We guarantee every can of it to be sweet and good and the equal of any corn sold in this town at 12½ cents.

It is an Eastern corn and costs today wholesale in large quantities as much as we are retailing it for by the single can.

For extra fine dry granulated sugar come to us. We sell the Western Refinery, and when you buy of us you get Western Refinery and not China sugar which is ¾ of a cent cheaper than ours, and as it is damp it weighs and is consequently more costly in the end.

**ELLIS BROTHERS & CO.**

Main St., Pleasanton.

**The  
Cheapest  
Place . . . . .**

To get prices is where they

**Don't Have the Goods****The Best Place to Buy**

Is where the goods and prices are to be had. That is business

**We have no Prices**

On goods we don't keep. When we name a price the goods will be delivered.

**HORTENSTINE BROS.**



## Pleasanton Times.

Robert H. Magill, Jr.

Published every Thursday.  
TIMES BUILDING, Pleasanton, Calif

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....1.00  
Three Months......50  
Single Copies Five Cents.

THURSDAY.....FEB. 17

### A QUEER COMBINE.

Three jay birds sat high up in a tree,  
A stork, a buzzard and a fillibalo,  
And watched with a longing, hungry eye  
A bantam rooster that near them flew.  
Said the stork to the buzzard and fillibalo,  
"I reckon we are in for a feast tonight."  
And they grinned and danced in merry glee,

As they gazed at the picnic just in sight.  
The stork, and the buzzard and fillibalo,  
As they perched high up in the tree,  
Discussed how they'd feast on this rooster fat,  
But on the style of cooking could not agree.

The stork, he thought, he would like him roast.  
But his pards, the buzzard and fillibalo,  
Demurred. Said the buzzard, "I'll eat him raw."

But the fillibalo was stuck on a stew.  
The rooster listened and winked his eye  
At the stork, the buzzard and fillibalo,  
And mused to himself, "What a queer combine

To get away with me in roast, a raw or a stew.  
I think these duffers are a little too fresh.  
They are up to date. As jays, they're a little too new.  
But I'm on to their job—just gaze at their mugs—  
This stork, and the buzzard and fillibalo."

Said the stork to the buzzard and fillibalo,  
"I've talked so much I'm rather dry,"  
And he invited his pards to take a drink.  
"While we'll do up this rooster by and bye.

So away they flew to the nearest tank,  
And a pow-wow held, in a wild yazo.  
They concluded to eat the rooster raw,  
This stork, this buzzard and fillibalo.

Again they perched high up in the tree,  
The stork, the buzzard and the fillibalo,  
To prepare for their feast on the rooster fat,  
And dream on the pigum just

But they talked it over so very much,  
The stork, the buzzard and the fillibalo,  
That they bursted their boilers, these jay birds three,  
And exploded their great bazoo.

No more they perch high up in the tree,  
The stork, the buzzard and the fillibalo.  
Their scheme wouldn't work—it fell plunkety plunk,  
While their whiskers the wind blew through.

The rooster danced and winked his eye,  
As wilder and fiercer the cyclone blew  
Through the shattered remnants of the raw combine,  
The stork, the buzzard and the fillibalo.

ANNEX RAY.

DISJOINTED CHAT

A Record of Personal Opinion.

Well! The gang has fired its broadside. It has made the move calculated to put me out of the game all together, and exterminate the whole race of Magill's, including "Mrs. Magill and the little Magills." Unfortunately for the plans of the unscrupulous gang of curs who own, manage and direct the course of the weekly edition of puerile paragraphs and bad English issued under the title of the "Bullytone," their guns were weak. They went off at the breech, and the heavy charge of mud intended for me bespattered the brutes who mixed it.

I object to but little that this outfit can say of me. The people know the object of the attacks and the animus that prompts them. I draw the line, though, at bringing the names of my wife and little ones into attacks directed at me. It is brutal and curish, but nevertheless characteristic of the men who would rule the town or ruin those who have the nerve and the manhood to declare themselves in opposition to them. It is not the kind of warfare that is waged by fair and honest men, but it is the only kind one could expect from the combination that is at once Pleasanton's only drawback and greatest shame.

I might go into the homes of the

Harrises, or the Schweers, or the Whites or the Geysers and drag forth skeletons whose dry bones would rattle from one end of Main street to the other, but I would expect to be roundly condemned and lose the respect of every decent person in the community if I did it. Although I have the reputation of being aggressive some times, occasionally vindictive, and always unrelenting in pursuit of a foe or in fighting for that which I think is right, I have never yet assailed a man's family and, I never will.

A word or two for the benefit of White, whose name belies him, for he is coated with his own mud and is the blackest of the lot. If he were not so small I might appropriately term him the Colossus of curs. This person, illmannered and uneducated, who knows nothing of English and less of decency, sets himself up as a saint and attempts to picture me as a sinner. I rent my plant, he says, and that is an awful crime. 'Tis a pity brains are not for rent. If they were White might be in it. If it were not for the assistance volunteered him by the cotorie who own him, he would be the same ridiculous thing he was when he controlled the TIMES and made a dismal failure of it. As a matter of fact he is the same now, only more so. His insignificance has increased with age until he has become more an object of pity than contempt, for he is several notches below the latter.

He has had a long career in Pleasanton. That part of his family who still remain here are among the most respected people of the community. No doubt they have frequently blushed for the shortcomings of that son and brother. Has White's career, to which I have just referred, been one of spotless purity? Does he ever think of the White who is not here? Does unpaid house rent or unpaid coal bills ever trouble his conscience? Have the limitations of limitation have run against them? Take care, young man; take care! Remember that he who lives in a house of glass should handle bricks with caution.

I would give the same advice to the good person who "sheltered the Magills"—both big and little—at so much a head, and sung their praises while they occupied one of her houses and paid her rent for it, but who poured forth the vials of her wrath when they sought a more comfortable home and more congenial surroundings. I sincerely hope that unpaid carpenter bills do not trouble her dreams, and that she finds consolation in the fact that she is good for them even if the "yellow metal" is not forthcoming.

This will be sufficient on this subject for the present. I am not running the TIMES to fight my own battles. It has more important business on hand. Its guns are trained on Pleasanton's enemies, and it will fire a broadside at them whenever and wherever they show their heads. Our guns will not be loaded with mud, either, but with the solid stuff that hits and hurts. My pen will ever be employed fighting for the rights of the people; in exterminating the combination that seeks to rule them, and in exposing methods that are fraught with danger to the peace, prosperity and advancement of Pleasanton. It is a labor of love, and the more mud that is hurled at me by the foe the more interesting becomes the fight. The people, almost to a man, are with me. They will not be blinded with mud or fooled by falsehoods. My enemies are the enemies of the people; my fight is the people's fight. We do not need to resort to falsehoods, for the truth serves our purpose better.

This is the way an exchange sums it up: "The newspaper field is a wide field and full of roses and thorns. When you roast the preacher, the ungodly smile; when you roast the ungodly the preacher

## RHEUMATISM

Is caused by Uric Acid and other impurities lingering in the blood, which have not been filtered out by the Kidneys through the urine. The seat of the trouble is not in the skin or muscles. It's sick Kidneys. Electricity, liniments or plasters will not reach the case. But the disease can be

## CURED

"I have been troubled with rheumatism for several years. Have been treated by physicians and used a great many remedies with but little relief. I was induced by your advertisement to try a box of Dr. Hobbs' Spargus Kidney Pills and before they were all gone I experienced great relief. I have since used three boxes and can safely say that I am completely cured. I can eat and sleep well, and walk and work as though I was never troubled by rheumatism, and I owe it all to your kidney pills."

JOHN J. SMITH,  
9 N. Oliver St., Los Angeles, Cal.

## SPARGUS Kidney Pills.

Dr. Hobbs' Pills For Sale in PLEASANTON at CUTLER & SILVER DRUG STORE.

smiles; if you roast the saloon man the teetotaler smiles; when you roast the teetotaler the saloon man sets 'em up. If you swear you are a wicked man, and if you pray you are a hypocrite. If you have an opinion you get cussed, and if you don't have you are a nonentity. The preacher knows one thing; the saloon man or gambler another, but the journalist is expected to know everything. You are damned if you do and damned if you don't. The average newspaper man, however, is a philosopher and pursues the even tenor of his way, undisturbed by the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' and secure in the confidence that all things are for the best."

My friend George Oakes has been appointed postmaster of Hayward. I am heartily glad of it. If there was ever a person who deserved recognition from his party good natured George is the man. He has been turned down more than once, but never lost faith and never got the sorehead. I admire him for that. Oakes is true blue even if he is on the wrong side of the political fence.

In a recent letter from Washington, D. C., to an old friend, Major G. A. Studer, for twenty years United States Consul at Singapore, says: "While at Des Moines I became acquainted with a liniment known as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I found excellent against rheumatism as well as against soreness of the throat and chest (giving me much easier breathing). I had a touch of pneumonia early this week, and two applications freely applied to the throat and chest relieved me of it at once. I would not be without it for anything." For sale by Cutler & Silver.

### A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c., 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

10 lbs. Good Ground Coffee, 50c.  
10 lbs. Good Ground Coffee, 50c.  
Famous Blend Coffee, roasted every day, 25c. lb. 4 lbs. \$1.  
Equals other stores 40c. Coffee.  
Best new crop uncolored Japan Tea, 35c. lb. 3 lbs. \$1.  
Good New Japan Tea, 5 lbs. \$1.

### EMPIRE TEA CO.

669 Twelfth St., Oakland 1, bet. B'd'y & Wash'n

### NEW MANAGEMENT

I desire to inform my friends that I have leased the well-known

### KOLB SALOON

And propose to conduct a First Class Saloon. I will keep on hand only the

Finest Brands of

WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS.

A share of the patronage of my old friends and the public generally is solicited.

E. P. FLOYD.  
3-13-tf

## J. A. BILZ,

—Manufacturer of—  
Carriages, Buggies, Sulkeys,  
Carts of all kinds,



Spring Wagons and Farming Implements.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

Carriage Painting and trimming neatly done and at reasonable rates.

Call and examine our work. All work guaranteed.

## ALISAL HOUSE

MAIN ST. PLEASANTON.  
J. J. MURPHY, Proprietor.

Finest Brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

NEW STOCK

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

## SENATE SALOON

NEAL ST.

Pleasanton, Cal.

W. NAPIER, PROP.

Finest Brands of...

WINE LIQUORS and CIGARS

At The Bar.

## Only . . .

The Best

WINE LIQUORS and CIGARS

Are kept at the new

## NEVIS SALOON.

MAIN STREET.

J. NEVIS, Proprietor.

## Do You Know

That you always get the CHOICEST of

Candies, Cigars and

Stationary

AT THE

## DRUG STORE?

Others do and profit thereby

## SMOKE ?

You Want the Best.

Finest Cigars and Tobacco

In Town are kept by J. T. CARR at the POST OFFICE CIGAR STAND.

New and carefully selected stock of the very Best Brands.

3-20-tf

## STOVE WOOD

Every Size, Style and Kind For Sale by

## PHILIP KOLB

MAIN STREET, PLEASANTON, CAL.

If you are not in need of wood just now he can sell you any thing in the line of

General Merchandise

AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c. or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

E. P. FLOYD.

3-13-tf

## JESSE HARVEY

Commission Broker and Daily Messenger to

Oakland and San Francisco

Commissions of All Descriptions Executed with Promptness and Reliability.

Orders Left at the Pleasanton Times Office Will Receive Prompt Attention.

## ZINGG'S SUNNYSIDE

Main Street and Rose Avenue

Finest Brands of

WINE, LIQUORS and CIGARS.

Ice Cold Steam and Lager

Beer 5 Cents

## LIVERMORE BREWERY

First Street, Livermore.

WENDELL JORDAN, Prop.

Customers Supplied On Short Notice

Agents for Wieland, Fredricksburg and United States Lager beer, in kegs and large and small bottles. Free delivery to Pleasanton and vicinity.

## THE HUB

McLEOD & SANGMASTER, PROPRIETORS.

DEALERS IN

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

C. r. First and Lizzie Sts., Livermore, California

## PLEASANTON LIVERY STABLE

MAIN STREET, opp. Ellis Bros. Store

Horses Boarded and Given Best Care

Fine Livery Rigs

General Draying

ALL CHARGES MODERATE

PEACOCK COAL FOR SALE

WHEN YOU TAKE A WHEEL RIDE TO LIVERMORE GO TO THE

Palace of Sweets

FOR A

Delicious Plate of Ice Cream or a Foaming Glass of Ice Cream Soda

ODD FELLOWS BUILDING, LIVERMORE.

## GRAND BALL

AT

## NEVIS PAVILION

Washington's Birthday

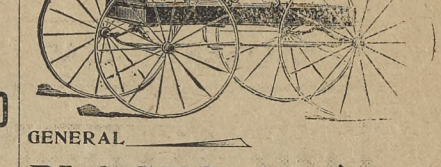
FEBRUARY 22

Finest Music Procurable Will be Furnished for Dancing.

AN EXTRA GOOD TIME IS ASSURED

## PLEASANTON Carriage and Wagon

FACTORY.



GENERAL BLACKSMITHING.

AND HORSE SHOEING

C. B. STEANE

S. W. cor. Main and St. John Sts.

FOR GOOD TREATMENT

GO TO THE

## Farmer's Hotel

H. REIMERS, Proprietor

Finest Liquors and Cigars

Board and Lodging \$5 per Week.

## KLONDYKE HOTEL

Mrs. Annie Campbell.

ROSE AVE., NEAR MAIN STREET

Meals, 25c and Up.

Rooms, 25c and Up.

Board by the Week or Month at Reduced Rates.

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

Everything First-Class. Good Treatment Guaranteed

## A. C. VANDERVOORT

Real Estate Agent

Notary Public and Conveyancer

MAIN ST. -- PLEASANTON

Loans Negotiated, Real Estate Bought and Sold, Insurance Effected. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt and reliable attention. No blunders

CASH PAID FOR LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

E. M. HELLAR, Proprietor



## OLD AGE.

It may be, when this city of the nine gates  
Is broken down by ruinous old age,  
And no one upon any pilgrimage  
Comes knocking, no one for an audience waits  
And no bright, foraying troops of bandit  
moths  
Ride out on the brave folly of any quest,  
But weariness, the restless shadow of rest,  
Sovereignly upon the city broods—  
It may be, then, that those remembering  
And sleepless watchers on the crumbling  
towers  
Shall lose the count of the disastrous hours  
Which God may have grown tired of reckoning.  
—Arthur Symonds in Athenaeum.

## THE POSTAL THIEF.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

As a postoffice inspector I did not hear of the doings at Shelby until two or three of my fellow inspectors had tried their hands and made a failure of it. Then I took the case and failed most ignominiously of all because I added blunder to failure.

The postmaster was an old man named Harper, and for assistants he had his two daughters, one being 19 and the other 15 years of age. Mr. Harper had held the office for 12 years when the complaints came in. The postoffice was an L of his residence, with a front added. The inspectors who preceded me had looked the ground over and left the case a mystery. Everybody said that Harper was honesty itself, and the idea that the girls would tamper with the mails was not to be entertained.

The mail carrier was the first man to see to. I arrived on the ground without my identity being revealed and watched him for two weeks. There was opportunity during his eight mile drive to open the bags with a duplicate key, but I watched without result, except to be satisfied of his honesty. Then I made myself known to the postmaster and received a warm welcome. He was very much distressed about the thefts, and to the best of his knowledge and belief all had taken place in his office. There were only about 20 persons who rented boxes, and all other mail was put into the general delivery. As the father and his two daughters were the only ones handling the mail or having access to the interior of the office it seemed that one of the three must be the thief, and yet I could not bring myself to believe that I was given the fullest opportunity to investigate, and I also did some work outside unbeknown to the postmaster.

I caused to be mailed to the patent medicine people a large number of letters, with a private number on each envelope. The first batch of ten came through all right, but out of the second two were missing. The whole ten had left Denton in the mail bag, as I well knew, and the two had either been taken en route by the carrier or by some one after their arrival at Shelby. As the carrier had brought over two passengers in his cart that trip he might be considered out of it. The mail had arrived at Shelby at 3 o'clock and been called for an hour later. Next day a batch of six letters came through all right, and so on the next, and on the third ten were received. I helped to distribute the mail and counted three letters and recorded the number. Father and daughter all knew this, and yet at 5 o'clock three of these letters, together with two for a certain merchant, which I had particularly noticed, were missing and could not be found.

That evening, after the office closed, we turned it upside down, as it were, but nothing came of it. The old postmaster was in the deepest despair, while his two daughters wept and sobbed over what they believed would be the ruin of all. As an inspector, and with such evidence before my eyes, it was my business to believe one of the three guilty, and yet I had to reason that they wouldn't be idiotic enough to purloin letters under my very nose. I simply didn't know what to think, and next morning was knocked off my feet to receive a complaint from Washington that three important letters posted at Shelby ten days before for a city only 100 miles away had been lost en route. I telegraphed for enlarged instructions, and upon receiving them I told Mr. Harper I must let go of the case temporarily for another. I shifted my quarters over to Denton, through which all mail to and from Shelby must pass, and made such arrangements with the postmaster that every letter was counted and its address taken. I mailed about 30 decoy letters in this time, and at the end of 14 days had the satisfaction of knowing that 11 different letters had somehow or other been made away with at Shelby. This was adding evidence to evidence, but I did not return to Shelby to lay the matter before the old postmaster.

I went back there in the disguise of a farmer's hired man looking for work, and luckily for me no farmer wanted a man. I therefore loafed about the village and was in and out of the postoffice half a dozen times per day—always there when the mail departed or came in. By looking through the glass door of one of the boxes I could see the general delivery box, mail tables, etc., and carefully scrutinized the conduct of the three as they did their work. I kept up this espionage for a week before anything happened. Then the mail came in one afternoon while the father was temporarily absent, and the girls opened the bag and assorted it. As they picked up the letters each pocketed one with a sly look, and you may believe me when I tell you I turned away with a heavy heart. Instead of one thief there were two, and those the handsome and winsome daughters of an honest and upright old man. It would break his heart when he learned the truth, but I must tell him, and those girls must be punished.

I went to the hotel, threw off my disguise and then returned to the postoffice. I somehow felt that the girls ought to look guilty, but they did not. They gave me a cordial greeting, hoped I had come back to stay until the mystery was thoroughly sifted, and no persons could have borne themselves more innocently.

That night after the office was closed to the public I asked the father to my room and then went over the case with him. There could be no manner of doubt that a score or more of letters had been purloined from his office. There were three of them who had access to the mails, and one of the three must have some guilty knowledge of those letters. By no possibility could an outsider reach them. With tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks he acknowledged that any assertions and declarations were correct, but who was the thief? Did I suspect him? Could I suspect either of his daughters? Then I broke it to him as gently as I could—told him what I had seen in the afternoon and what was a fact.

For some time he argued that I must be mistaken, but finally told me to go ahead and do my duty and never mind his feelings. He had been father and mother to those girls for years, and no word or act of theirs had ever before caused him a moment's uneasiness. If they had taken two letters, they had taken all the others, and he asked me to go to the house and confront them and extort a confession. Hard hearted as I thought myself, I hadn't the nerve to do that, but put it off till morning. He gave me his promise to say nothing overnight, and I was at the house soon after breakfast. I sat down with the girls and went over the case, as I had with him, hoping to break them down, but they had only anxiety on their faces as they listened. Then I boldly stated what I had seen on the previous day, and the shot told. Both blushed and stammered and began weeping, and I took it as a confession and told the father so. He couldn't speak to them for his emotion, and when I told him they must consider themselves under arrest and a search made of their rooms he simply bowed his head in acquiescence. I wanted to keep the girls below while I searched their room, and unfortunately for me I called in the village constable to sit with them. He had to be told more or less of the case, and as soon as he was at liberty he went out to spread the news. In an hour it was known all over town that the two girls had been caught robbing the postoffice, and some of the excited people even went so far as to say that the father had probably winked at it.

My search revealed two letters from two different men in New York. They had been directed under other names, but the two girls had opened them. They had stolen these letters and forgot to destroy them. I went out and made inquiries, and then I discovered what a blunderer I was. Both girls were carrying on a clandestine correspondence, using fictitious names, and these were the letters I had seen them pocket. When I asked them to confirm this theory they did so, but it was evident that in their eyes clandestine letter writing was about as bad a crime as robbing the mails. The news had gone forth that they had been detected in purloining letters, and how could I combat it? I spent the next two days in trying to explain matters to the public, but found not one man or woman who would believe me. Postoffice inspectors didn't bring charges and retract them, they reasoned, and a strong petition was drawn up and sent to Washington asking that the culprits be duly punished. Letters were also written stating that I must have been bribed to act as I did and declaring that I was not a proper man for the service. You may well reason that I was summoned to report in Washington without delay and that my reception there was anything but flattering to me. I had lost my official head before saying 30 words. It was my first and only blunder for ten years, but that didn't count. If I got a grain of comfort out of the situation, it was when I heard that several more complaints about lost letters at Shelby had just come in that day.

I left Washington with no particular aim, but on reaching Denton I made up my mind to go over to Shelby and have one more look around. I went back in my old role as hired man and entered that postoffice about half an hour after the mail had been distributed. Looking through the glass door of a box, I saw one of the girls sewing and the other reading. Behind them was an open back window, and within three feet of this window was the general delivery box. In front of the window and only two feet away was the table on which the mail packages were done up, and a score of letters were lying there to be wrapped. I had just made out these things when a good sized bird, black in color, alighted on the window sill, hopped along to the delivery box and picked off the top letter and darted away. In 15 seconds the bird was back, and in the course of ten minutes I watched her take away five letters. That bird was a magpie and the real thief, but I had ruined the reputation of a family before solving the mystery. I at once made myself known to the father, and we visited the back yard to search for the letters. There in an old dog kennel which had been tenanted for years we found them—every single one which had been missed. The magpie belonged to a neighbor, and singularly enough she had never been caught at the trick. As it was summer the back window was open all day, and there were times when only one person would be waiting on the public. With the usual cunning of her species the bird watched her chance, taking letters from both the table and the general delivery box, and a dozen other inspectors might have been put on the case without solving the mystery. I had that satisfaction, though I was not reinstated, and I also take great pleasure in saying that after awhile the people of Shelby came to believe the Harpers entirely innocent and made ample amends for what had been said and done.

## Not Up to Date.

"What is little Dick bellowing about?"  
"Well, his grandpa gave him a gingerbread horse, and he is mad because it isn't a gingerbread wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

## HASTA MANANA.

When all's in bud and the leaf still unfolding,  
When there are ruby points still on the spray,  
When that prim school gown your charm is withholding,  
Then, Manuela, child, well may you say:  
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!  
Until tomorrow, amigo," alway.

And Manuela, when crimson and yellow  
Peep through green sepals the roses of May,  
And through black laces the bloom of your face is  
Fresh as these roses, child, still you may say,  
Through your mantilla, coy Manuela,  
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!  
Until tomorrow, amigo," alway.

When all's in bloom and the rose in its passion,  
Warmed on your bosom, would never say nay,  
Still it is wise—in your own country fashion—  
Under your opening fan only to say:  
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!  
Until tomorrow, amigo," alway.

When all is gray and the roses are scattered,  
Hearts may have broken that brook no delay,  
Yet will tomorrow succumb of sorrow  
Bring unto eyes and lips that still can say:  
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!  
Until tomorrow is best for today."

Phrase of Castilian lands! Speech that in lan-  
guage  
Softly procrastinates for aye or nay—  
From Seville's orange groves to remote Yan-  
guena,  
Best heard from rosy lips—let thy words say:  
"Hasta Manana! Hasta Manana!  
Until tomorrow, amigo," alway.  
—Bret Harte in Cosmopolitan.

## A TRIBUTE OF SONG.

There is no place on earth where utter helplessness comes out so strongly, where the ceremonies in human use fall so powerless before the majesty of the occasion, as at a funeral. It need not be that one's heart shall be interested. The obsequies of a stranger conducted with all the pomp and vanity of church and state, with the melancholy rolling drum of the military funeral, or the gorgeousness of the Masonic regalia apron—all are alike inadequate and unavailing.

But once in my life have I witnessed a ceremony that was so grand, impressive and appropriate to the silent, awful occasion.

I will tell you of a funeral which lingers in my memory as the grandest, most solemn and befitting ceremony that was ever given to the dead.

It was rumored many years ago that a poor widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for 15 years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had always been sickly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she had faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the wan face failed to answer with its ghastly smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother.

The poor young creature was dead. For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. Cramp and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an east-side tenement where they lived, by a few books and with some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of her funeral and ask me to attend.

The summons reached me upon one of the wildest days of winter. A sleet that was not rain and a rain that was not snow came pelting from all points of the compass. A wind that wailed in the chimney and howled in the street told how truly dreadful for outdoor purposes was the weather of the day. I piled the glowing grates, I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon. I turned on the gas and sat down, devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wretched weather, when an installment of it burst in on me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa at that time, and the operative idol of the city. Muffled with tippets, flecked with snow, glowing with the short encounter she had had with the elements rushing up the steps from her carriage, she threw herself into an easy chair and proclaimed the horrors of the outer world to be beyond description.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a delightful day together there came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned.

"This is terrible," said I. "It's just the one errand that could take me out today, but I must go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances and speculated on the length of time I should be gone and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great, good hearted creature.

"Your throat and old Bateman and your concert tonight?" I pleaded.

"If I got another 'froggy' note in my voice, it won't matter much; I'm hoarse as a raven now," she returned.

So she wound her throat with the long, white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room not more than a dozen feet square. The canvasback hearth, peculiar to the \$25 funeral, stood in the street below, and the awful cherry stained box, with its ruffle of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the center of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, before that box—a group of hard working, kindly hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end—it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful fate of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly

alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

The undertaker's man, with a screwdriver in his hand, jumped about in the passage to keep warm. The creaky boots of the minister belonging to the \$25 funeral were heard on the stairs. There was a catarrhal conversation held outside between them as to the enormity of the weather, and probably the bad taste of the deceased in selecting such a bad time to die was discussed. Then the minister came in with a pious sniff and stood revealed, a regular Stiggins as to get up—a dry, self sufficient man, icier than the day and colder than the storm.

He deposited his hat and black gloves and wet umbrella on the poor little bed in the corner; he slapped his hands vigorously together; he took himself in well merited fashion by the ears and pulled them into the glowing sensation, and after thawing out for a moment he plunged into business.

He rattled merrily through some selected sentences from the Bible. He gave us a prayer that sounded like peas in a dried bladder, and he came to amen with a jerk that brought me up like a patent snap. He pulled on his old gloves and grabbed his rusty hat, and, with his umbrella dripping inky tears over the well scrubbed floor, he offered a set form of condolence to the broken hearted mother. He told her of her sin in rebelling against the decree of Providence. He assured her that nothing could bring the dead back. He inveighed against the folly of the world in general, and then he made a horrible blunder and showed he didn't know even the sex of the dead by saying, "He cannot come to you, but you must go to him."

This was a settler for Parepa and myself. We looked at the departing minister in blank astonishment.

The door swung wide; we saw the screwdriver waving in the air as the undertaker's man held converse with the clergyman. A hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember.

Then Parepa arose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry wood box. She looked a moment on the pinched, wasted, ashy face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the discolored forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

Angels, ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh, take her, to your care.

The screwdriver paused in describing an airy circle. The wet umbrella stood pointing down the stairs. The two men with astonished faces were foremost in a crowd that instantly filled the passage. The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choir of paradise passed to listen to earth's music it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl.

No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute to song rings with solemn melody in my memory as the only real, impressive funeral service I ever heard.—"Planets and People."

## Remarkable Musical Memories.

Possibly the greatest case on record is that wonder of wonders, the most intellectual of interpreters, the late Dr. Hans von Bulow. He not only played all of Beethoven by heart upon the piano, but knew all the symphonies in the same manner, and practically the whole Wagnerian output of musical metal, and it is claimed that so great was the mass of the piano music which Bulow retained "within the book and volume of his brain," inscribed in mysterious hieroglyphics somewhere among the molecules of the gray matter constituting the cortex of his cerebral organ, that he could have played 25 piano recital programmes without repeating and without a printed page. Since there go about 2,000 measures to the hour and two solid hours to an ordinary Bulow programme this would represent 100,000 measures of music, or about 4,000 large pages, something like eight or ten thick volumes.

Even Bulow was outdone by Rubinstein, in the field of piano music, at least, if we can trust the anecdote mongers, for it is claimed that in one season at St. Petersburg he played a series of recitals which exhausted the literature of the piano and embraced 1,300 distinct compositions. It is mentioned of Mendelssohn that on one occasion, the score of Beethoven's "Sixth Symphony" having been misplaced, he raised his baton and directed the work from memory, but this does not seem to me a feat in the least remarkable, for the pastoral symphony is so extremely lucid and so bewitchingly beautiful that the only thing difficult or remarkable would be the forgetting of it. Mme. Patti knew 40 opera roles, and Varesi, the baritone, knew 80.—John S. Van Cleeve in Music.

## Rats In Siam.

The writer was astonished on visiting the house of the inhabitants of Siam (says a traveler) to see a huge rat walking quietly around the room and crawling up the master's legs in a cool, familiar manner. Instead of repulsing it or giving an alarm he took it up in his hand and caressed it and then we learned for the first time, to our utter astonishment, that it was a custom in Bangkok to keep pet rats. These are taken very young and carefully reared until they attain a monstrous size from good and plentiful feeding.

## A Pair of Them.

She—I detect a man who is always talking shop.

He—And I dislike a woman who always talks shopping.—Chicago News.

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His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertion that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heartfelt letters of gratitude," filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, uninterrupted, means poverty and certain death.

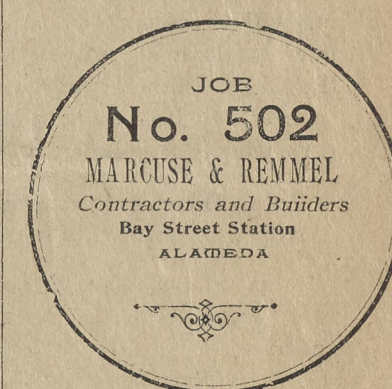
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Please tell the Doctor that you saw his offer in the TIMES.

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# BRIEF NEWS.

W. A. Robinson, a postoffice inspector visited Pleasanton last Friday and looked into the affairs of the local office. He found everything in tip top shape and complimented Mr. Carr very highly.

What pleasure is there in life with a headache, constipation and biliousness? Thousands experience them who could become perfectly healthy by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Cutler & Silver.

A. Bauer, of the firm of Bauer Bros., went to San Francisco Tuesday for a visit of a few days.

A. S. MacDougall who has been confined to his home for the past week with a severe attack of the grip, is rapidly regaining his former good health.

Frank Peach returned Tuesday from a visit to his old home at Lodi.

Miss Grace and Weston Wise expect to return to Pleasanton soon to reside here permanently. Miss Wise will keep house for her father, C. H. Wise.

Mrs. Hewitt has been suffering from an attack of the grip.

After years of untold suffering from piles, B. W. Pursell of Knitersville, Pa., was cured by using a single box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Skin diseases such as eczema, rash, pimples and obstinate sores are readily cured by this famous remedy. Cutler & Silver.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Mehrman and their little daughter, Helen, of Oakland were guests Friday of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Vandervoort. The doctor is making an active canvas for the Republican nomination for coroner. He has many warm friends and supporters in this section.

Miss Bessie Johnston, a teacher in the Alameda school department, has been visiting her parents in Pleasanton.

Frank Vandervoort and his sister, Miss Ethel, of Sunol were visitors Saturday in Pleasanton.

We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasanter or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. Cutler & Silver.

Gilbert Rayburn who went to San Jose with his family some months ago in the hope that a change of climate would benefit his health, made a flying trip Monday to Pleasanton. He is still feeling very poorly and says his physician has recommended another change.

BORN—In San Jose, February 8, 1898, to the wife of Gilbert Rayburn, a daughter.

Among the trial jurors drawn to serve in the Superior Court for the next three months appears the name of H. P. Mohr of Pleasanton.

A thrill of terror is experienced when a brassy cough or croup sounds through the house at night. But the terror soon changes to relief after One Minute Cough Cure has been administered. Safe and harmless for children. Cutler & Silver.

We are doing the best we know how for you. Thinking and working with every nerve of body and mind to please and satisfy you. If the "other fellow" does more he is smarter, but he'll have to hustle to get ahead of us. Bauer Bros.

Prison Director Fitzgerald was a visitor in Pleasanton Sunday.

Property owners on First street, near Spring, have set out some fine shade trees.

Miss Nellie Steane returned Wednesday evening from a visit to friends in Oakland.

The Town Clerk is preparing to make the assessment for 1898.

F. T. Peach & Co., will open business on or about February 21st in the Rafferty building with a full line of harness, robes, whips, etc. They will also be prepared to make both light and heavy harness to order, also do all kinds of repair work. New goods and new prices. Give them a call.

Harry Bailey of Stockton is visiting his sister, Mrs. L. C. Walter.

Mrs. Wand, mother of Mrs. J. N. Arendt, is sick with the grip.

## Bauers' New Store

### SPECIAL VALUES FOR THIS WEEK

Ladies' Heavy Flannellet Shirt Waists in sizes from 32 to 42.....\$1.00  
Children's Tam O'Shanter in the latest designs from.....10 cents up  
Ladies' Fancy Neckwear and Silk Fronts reduced from 75c and 50c to.....25c  
Ladies' Fast Black Hose.....8c a pair  
Children's Fast Black Ribbed Cotton Hose.....10c a pair  
Men's Heavy Cotton Sox.....5c a pair

The Only Exclusive  
Dry and Fancy Goods  
House in Town.

BAUER BROS.

Main St., Pleasanton, Cal.

#### Road Tax Tabooed.

There will be no road poll tax in Alameda county for the next fiscal year. This was decided at the session of the Board of Supervisors Monday morning, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the law makes it a matter of discretion and judgement of this Board as to whether a road poll tax shall be levied; and "Whereas in many of the counties of this State the said tax is not imposed and is regarded as inequitable and unjust in many respects; now therefore be it

Resolved, that for the year 1898 said tax be not imposed, it being deemed by this Board for the best interests of the people of this county."

Speaking of the matter Assessor Dalton said: "I am strongly opposed to the road poll tax, particularly in this county, and as the official whose duty it is to collect this tax, I have gathered some facts to support a request that the tax be not levied for this year. It is not a just tax, particularly in Alameda, for it imposes a burden upon a class that is already paying all the taxes that they can afford. This tax falls only upon the farmer and the farm laborer, and is applied to roads that are used more largely by those who reside in the cities than those who pay the tax. It is safe to say that more than half of the vehicles that pass over the roads of this county are owned by those residing inside of incorporated cities and towns."

#### Washington's Birthday.

The pupils of the Pleasanton school will celebrate Washington's Birthday tomorrow. Extensive preparations have been made and the occasion promises to be an eventful one. The exercises will be held at 1:15 o'clock in Principal Donohue's room. The program follows:

Section 1, comprising the pupils of Miss Hay, Miss Mackenzie and Miss Hewitt—Recitations by Earl Crellin, Louis Diavila, Joaquin Serpa, Harold Withington, Annie Lopas, Lucille Lucas, Philip Wenig, Peter Breuss, Eddie Neal and Annie Rawe; Song of Washington by the class; song, "Our Flag," class; lullaby song, eight little girls; salute to the flag, class; flag drill, sixteen girls.

Section 2, comprising the classes of Miss Beckwith, Miss Harris and the principal—Instrumental duet, Modena Hardin and Malin Fallon; patriotic chorus, the classes; recitations by Minnie Breuss, Grace Rasmussen, Laanner Bolinger, Elwood Walter, Roy Mendenhall, William Diavila, Rosie Kalisky; chorus, "Golden Slumbers," the class; instrumental duet, Margie Hortenstine and Jessie Logan; essay, "Lincoln," Sadie Brock; chorus, "Summer Evening," the class.

Better than Klondike! What? Why Bauer Bros.' low prices and new stock,

TREMELOUS SACRIFICE!

Notwithstanding the many competitors I have resolved to meet them by inaugurating a special

SAUSAGE AND CLEARENCE SALE

Consisting of the Following Lines—

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods Of all Descriptions

BOOTS and SHOES For Ladies, Gents and Children

DRESS GOODS In Every Line

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, HARDWARE, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

In fact, the wave of prosperity has struck every department of my store. The purchasing public is invited to visit my place of business and be convinced.

N. KALISKY.

NEW JOHNSON BUILDING, COR. MAIN STREET AND ROSE AVENUE.

#### No Convention.

If the Stratton primary law is not knocked out by the Supreme Court there will be no convention in Pleasanton this year to nominate town officers. The time has passed, under the provisions of the law, in which delegates to a convention can be named.

This leaves the race free for all and go as you please. Anyone who would like to serve his country, and thinks he can do it a little better than the other fellow, can get a whack at it. All that is necessary to get his name on the ticket is to file with the town clerk a petition signed by at least 3 per cent of the voters. These petitions must be filed at least 20 days before the election.

Whooping cough is the most distressing malady, but its duration can be cut short by the use of One Minute Cough Cure, which is also the best known remedy for croup and all lung and bronchial troubles. Cutler & Silver.

#### Tom Silver Champion.

Tom Silver demonstrated last Sunday that he is the champion rifle shot of Pleasanton. George Detjens, Bert Lewis, Champion Silver and the bad man of the Times drove to Tassajara Sunday. The quartette was armed with rifles and were out for all the game in sight. They succeeded in half filling their wagon with birds,

squirrels and rabbits. Silver made the greatest shots and never missed a mark.

#### Missionary Meeting.

The Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon in the church parlors. Mrs. Bruce had charge of the meeting. The subject under discussion was "Indians." The "self denial bags," which were distributed among the members some time ago, were returned. About \$15 was realized. It will be used for foreign missionary work. It may be expended purchasing cheese-cloth underclothing for the Esquimaux, but none of it will be devoted to practical missionary work at home.

#### Chaloner in Charge Again.

Genial Harry Chaloner is once more in charge of the Haywards Villa. Tony Oakes' old resort. He is a model host, treating all with uniform courtesy and ever on the alert to please his guests. The table service of the Villa is beyond compare.

#### Evans to the Front Again.

T. R. Evans will give everyone a chance to celebrate Washington's Birthday in good style. He will have another lot of those fine tamales ready for his customers. They are made at home of the best and purest material obtainable.

#### NEW TODAY.

#### New Harness Shop.

Will open for business in the Rafferty Building, opposite the Rose Hotel, on or about February 21st. We have come for business and come to stay; and with

Honest Goods,  
Honest Prices and  
Honest Work.

We will try to add to the Town of Pleasanton a store that will be a credit, and a business, we trust, that will be appreciated.

We would say by way of introduction that we are not here to set the Town of Pleasanton on fire by our wonders. We come only as business men, and as such we will treat you all. We ask you to give us a call. You will be welcome at any time.

F. T. PEACH & CO.

#### For Sale.

Two houses and lots for sale or to rent. Inquire at the FURNITURE BAZAAR, Main street.

#### A. S. Murray and Wife

SPRINGFIELD, MO.  
Restored to Health by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.



M. R. MURRAY, engineer for Keet & Mountree Mercantile Co., Springfield, Mo., writes: "I suffered from dyspepsia, was unable to eat anything without severe distress. Treated by several physicians without benefit, I became almost a physical wreck and unable to attend to my work. I took Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve and in six weeks I was well. My wife had a severe attack of La Grippe which brought on troubles peculiar to women. The Restorative Nerve is the only thing that has helped her. We both hope you will use this in a way to help others as we have been."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free to all applicants. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

#### J. L. WEILBYE,

Architect and Builder

#### —OFFICE—

Opposite the Town Hall, Pleasanton.

Plans furnished, Specifications drawn and Contracts attended to with Accuracy and Promptness.

#### Pasturage.

We have 1000 acres of fine pasture land with all of last year's crop on it; on the Lacosta ranch south of Lacosta creek. Experienced men to take care of stock. Rates, \$1.50 per head per month. Plenty of feed for at least 200 head. Address, Catano & Frage, 2-10-3m Box 127, Pleasanton, Cal.

#### SMITH'S CASH STORE

Market St. Ferry, S. F., Cal.

Are leaders in Klondike goods and seamen's outfits. Evaporated Vegetables, Evaporated Fruits, Heavy Clothing, Miners' Blankets, footwear and mining tools. Direct your friends our way and save them money.

#### Full Line Latest Designs In Picture Frames

Get your Pictures Framed for Christmas Promptly and Neatly Done

#### FURNITURE BAZAAR

Don't Forget the Place CHINATOWN - MAIN ST.

#### Haywards Steam Laundry Company

Makes a Specialty of Washing Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Lace Curtains and Blankets.

#### FAMILY WASHING SOLICITED

Clothes received and delivered by wagon Monday and Friday of each week. Orders left with MACDOUGALL & BRUCE will receive prompt attention. 5-13-ly

#### D. M. CONNER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

OFFICES Main Street, Pleasanton. 906 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

A general Law and Conveyancing business. Estates settled without needless expense or delay. All business given careful and prompt attention. At present at A. C. Vandervoort's office. 4-17

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All kinds of carpentering and jobbing work promptly attended to. Estimates and plans furnished. Best of workmanship guaranteed.

#### W. A. HERSHISER, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office on Neal street, next door to Times office. Office Hours:—11 to 12 A. M. 1 to 3 P. M. and 6 to 7 P. M.

Residence—In the Devaney cottage on First street; third house north of Neal street.